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Our Sacrifice

AN ENTERTAINMENT

**For Churches, Sunday Schools and
Societies connected with
the Church**



BY

LILLIE M. WALKER

Arthur Radcliffe Publishing Co.

MILLVILLE, NEW JERSEY

Her Sacrifice

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LILLIE M. WALKER

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Arthur Radcliffe Publishing Co.
MILLVILLE, NEW JERSEY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Helen Emerson
Happy
Verna A Very young girl
Mr. Bard
Mrs. Smith
Mr. Roe
Mrs. Roe
Dorothy Clark
Ralph Hurd
*Amanda Washington
*Dr. Davis
*Edith Davis

Time—June

Place—Kansas City, Mo.

Time of Performance—About one hour and three quarters.

Scene—Poorly furnished bed room in cheap boarding house.

Costumes—Ordinary attire as suggested by characters.

Stage Directions—All through the playlet.

Exits—Right, rear and left, if possible.

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We have had so many calls for a book of this character, we take pleasure in presenting this little playlet to the public, and hope it will teach many the great lesson of sacrifice.

THE PUBLISHERS

*May be omitted if desired

HER SACRIFICE

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See requirements on Page 2

Happy: Bless her heart—ironing away like a little woman. Here let me finish that.

Verna: No, thank you, I always finish what I begin. Have you mended all those clothes so soon?

Happy: Certainly—I, too, always finish what I begin (whistles). Never was so happy in my life, dearie! Just think, Helen is really going away to rest—going to have more to eat—going to do just nothing for a whole month but sit on the grass—wade in the streams—listen to the birds and eat and sleep (whistles). Gee, it's hard to believe! (whistles).

Verna: I'm so glad she is going that I want to cry: but what shall we do without her?

Happy (kisses her: We'll stick closer together than ever (swings her about). Think of the things she'll have to tell us when she returns. How's your arm, dearie?

V. (showing arm): Better—but it hurts yet. She hit so hard, Happy!

Hap. (dresses arm then kisses it): That will cool it dearie. We'll not tell Helen it hurts. Well here is a place I forgot to mend (picks up dress)—

V. (laughing): "Certainly, I always finish what I begin!"

Hap.: Say, dearie, when Helen comes in she's going to be very tired and tremendously blue about leaving us; so it's up to us to be unusually gay and dispel the darkness

and gloom that naturally exists when life-long friends like us are on the eve of separation. Certainly! So we must start something the moment she arrives so she won't think we're sad. See?

V.: Certainly. What shall we start?

Hap.: I'll depend upon inspiration.

V.: Do you think that's safe?

Hap.: Certainly (whistles).

V.: You certainly do seem happy. I am trying to act happy but I feel awful queer inside.

Hap.: Certainly—I do to. My heart is going this way—my head is going this way, and my stomach is going this way. But I'll drown all my feelings if it kills me.

V.: Happy, will you never tell if I tell you a secret?

Hap.: Certainly.

V.: Certainly what?

Hap.: Certainly not.

V.: I know where Helen keeps her money, so I slipped in a quarter—that will give her more to eat.

Hap.: Where did you get a quarter?

V.: Earned it cleaning shoes for the man upstairs.

Hap.: Good for you! Now can you keep a secret?

V.: Certainly.

Hap.: Certainly what?

V.: Certainly yes.

Hap.: Well, I slipped in two dollars (whistles and dances about with Verna).

V.: I know another secret. Won't you never tell it?

Hap.: No.

V.: I heard Helen tell Mrs. Smith that the only reason she was going away was to get well and strong so she could do something for us.

Hap.: I knew it (whistles). Listen! There she comes now. Remember we are frightfully happy. (Helen enters with bundles, looking pale and tired).

Helen: You here girls! How long have you been here? Verna, give me that iron this minute. You shall not iron another bit. Happy, put up that mending—I'll have oodles of time while I'm gone to do that. Come here and see what I've bought. You'll think it dreadfully extravagant; but I figured it all out this way—if I eat a light lunch every day, I could have it (displays dress). Isn't it beautiful, girls?

Hap.: Certainly you can have it—money goes a long way in Colorado.

Verna: Certainly it does.

Helen: Try it on, Happy, so I can see how it looks.

Hap. (whistles): Certainly, but it will look like a mosquito on the pyra mids. (Puts on dress.)

Helen: Isn't it lovely, girls? Even if it doesn't reach, it looks fine where it does.

Hap. (walking about): How does it look behind?

Verna: Nothing there.

Helen: Put on my hat, too, Happy.

Hap.: Isn't it a wonderful creation?

Helen: Now my shoes, dear.

Hap.: Certainly not—I still have eyes to see and corns to feel. My big toe wouldn't even go in.

Helen: Oh, try it. A little squeeze won't hurt you. (Hap. tries.)

V.: Let me, just to show you how they look at a distance, Helen.

Hap.: Perspective, you mean.

V.: What's that? Your big words do worry me so.

Helen: They look fine, dearie—just a we bit large.

Let's dress Verna up too. Here, dear, put on this dress and skirt. Hold this new umbrella, Happy.

Hap. (walking about): When the rain is descending in torrents from the canopy of the heavens, raise it; when it stops, close it (whistles). What's this (picking up a brush)?

Helen: A brush.

Hap.: Certainly; but the bristles are not all alike—uniform. One end for your back, I surmise, and the other for your floor.

Verna: Helen must put on these so we can see how she looks in them. Doesn't she look fine?

Hap.: If that doctor should meet her out West in these clothes he would certainly lose his heart. (whistles.)

Verna: What doctor?

Happy: The doctor who set her arm last year, and whom she cannot forget. (To Helen) You look distingue.

Helen: Thank you. Where did I lay my supper, girls? I'm famished! Oh, here it is. Come dine with

me, ladies. Had I known you were here, I would have brought more. But scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two—yes, for three.

Hap.: Thank you, we have dined.
(Enter Mrs. Smith.)

Mrs. S.: How'dy, girls, helping Miss Emerson to pack?

Hap.: Yes, and looking at her pretty things.

Mrs. S. (lazily): Let me see, what did I come in here for, anyway? Oh, yes, to see your new clothes. My, ain't they fine. (sniffing.) I do believe I smell my kraut burning; if it ain't burned I'll bring you a taste; if it is I will too, because some body'll have to help eat it up.

Helen: Thank you. (Mrs. S. starts to leave, then returns).

Mrs. S.: What time do you leave in the morning?

Helen: At nine o'clock.

Mrs. S.: I forget, what road did you say you were going to take?

Helen: Union Pacific.

Mrs. S.: Think it's safe?

Hap.: Of course it is safe.

Mrs. S.: Didn't ask you.

Helen: I think it is perfectly safe.

Mrs. S. (leaving): I doubt it. I feel in my bones there'll be a wreck. I feel like a cemtry.

Hap.: You look like it. (whistles.)

(Exit Smith)

Helen: Girls, please excuse me while I read about the place where I am going. (Eats and reads.) According to this, girls, the grass is greener, the pines are larger, the mountains are higher, the sky is bluer, the food is cheaper, the parks are lovelier, the health is better, the people are happier, and the water is wetter out in Colorado than anywhere else on earth! How I wish that you were going too!

Hap.: Let me finish the packing, Helen; you look so tired and I am not.

Helen: Yes, I am tired; but my heart is singing—singing. (embraces girls.) Forgive me, girls, for being so happy when I'm going to leave you—but—but—everything will be so much better when I get back!

Verna: I don't know what I'm going to do without you.

Happy: You've still got me and my big words and the dictionary.

(Enter Mrs. Smith with kraut.)

Mrs. Smith: It is burned a little but I don't reckon you'll mind as you have so few hot things to eat. You'll notice there's a weiner in the bottom—that's burned, too.

Helen: Thank you; it does help a lot.

Mrs. Smith: Oh, I forget—I wanted to ask you something. Oh, yes, are you going to carry a lunch or go in the dining car?

Helen: I think I'll carry my lunch.

Mrs. S.: My but you eat as if you was starved. What did you have for lunch?

Helen: I didn't have a big lunch today.

Mrs. S.: I bet you didn't. I forget, what did you say you had?

Happy: You didn't forget this time because she didn't say what she had. You blame entirely too much on your forgetter! You're inquisitive.

Verna: What's that?

Happy: A wild animal that devours, and is indigenuous to this house.

Verna (puzzled): Oh, where's the dictionary?

Mrs. S.: What did you say you had for lunch? I forget so soon.

Happy: She had turkey, crabberries sauce, olive, celery, oysters, plum pudding and ice cream—it all cost three dollars and fifty cents.

Helen (reprovingly): Happy, I had an apple, so of course I'm very hungry. Won't you have one of these rolls, Mrs. Smith? They are very nice.

Mrs. Smith: No; eat 'em yourself. You certainly look hollow from your head to your toes.

Hap.: You mean emaciated.

Verna: What's that?

Hap.: In this case it means slender and beautiful; in that case it would mean (pointing to Mrs. S.) skinny, yellow and raw boned.

Mrs. S.: Oh, I remember what I came in for—your rent.

Helen: I have it all for you, Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. S.: I do believe I smell my meat burning; if it ain't burned I'll bring you some for your lunch on the train; if it is I'll bring you some any way, because somebody has to help eat it up.

Hap.: You need not trouble, I am going to fix that lunch myself. I shall see that it includes only such edibles as shall be readily taken up by the digestive apparatus of her anatomy and such as shall be easily assimilated and converted into blood bone and sinew.

Helen: Oh, Happy, you are such a freak and such a joy!

Verna: What's a freak?

Hap.: I'm it and I'll prove it.

(Exit Happy.)

Helen: What is she going to do now?

V.: Prove that she is a freak.

Helen: Come on, Verna, and help me count the money—I'll tell you what I'm going to do with every cent of it. You put all the dimes and quarters in a pile and I'll count the half dollars and dollars.

(They count.)

V.: Ten dimes and twelve quarters.

Helen: Why, dearie, I have two dollars and twenty-five cents more than I thought I had. How could I have made such a mistake. It cannot be. Let's count it over again (counts). No sir, that's right. Two-twenty-five extra. Think of it! That's like the widow's oil.

V.: And like the manna in the wilderness.

Helen: Only better because the manna came for just a day at a time and this extra will feed me for a long time. Do you know what I shall do with it? Listen, dear (reads from folder): "Excursion parties are formed every day to climb and explore wonderful undiscovered glories of the Rockies. Automobiles, ponies and burros are used for these excursions—the cost being small."

I have heard that a burro is only twenty-five cents an hour; two hours, fifty. Fifty into two and a quarter, four trips and twenty-five cents left. Think of it, when I thought I should have to walk everywhere.

Now if someone would only come in answer to my ad I should be almost to happy to live! You see this is the way it is done, dear: The real traveler (I would be the companion) puts up the money for the expenses and I put up with the traveler. I mean that I would take care of

her on the journey and put up with her disposition if she were not agreeable. Then I would have all this left to do something else with.

I shall buy you and Happy some clothes and books which you need so much. I shall pray very hard about that traveler tonight. Since my money has increased, nothing seems impossible!

(Whistling is heard.)

(Happy enters with a man's hat and coat on.)

Happy (laughing): Well, how do I look?

Helen: GREAT; Where did you get those clothes?

Hap.: The dude's upstairs—he is out of town.

Verna: Where's the rest of them?

Hap. (whistling): He has them on. Whom do I look like?

Helen (laughing): Exactly like the minister at Trinity Church!

Hap. (proudly looking into mirror): Certainly my mirror tells me that I am the born image of him.

Helen: Whatever made you think of doing this, Happy? You do look so funny.

Hap.: I believe that I was predestined to be a preacher or someone who likes to talk; so I was desirous of seeing if I could look the part. WHY was I not a BOY.

Verna: It is too bad! You are a swell boy!

Happy: Now observe that I have not only the distinguished appearance of the aforesaid preacher, but also a similar vocabulary and mannerisms. (Steps out proudly.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: It certainly affords me great pleasure to stand before you this evening and consider with you in the short time allotted to me some of the questions, vital questions, that must deeply interest every intelligent, public spirited citizen.

(Aside to girls) How is it going, girls?

Helen (applaudingly): Great! Go on.

Hap. (clearing throat); The theme for our consideration this evening is Evolution; Progression; Advancement; Development.

They are one and the same thing.

I had in my church in Hoboken a man who took issue with me on this subject one day when I had him out in my little Ford. I am telling you they are one and the same thing. Hear me—they are one and the same thing! I care not from what premise you start—take your forefather for instance—the monkey. Hear me, I am telling you!

Follow out the logical deductions: Evolution is development; development is advancement and progression; progression is evolution. Proof you demand? Certainly: Man is a bigger monkey today than he has ever been in the history of the world!

(Laughing): How did I do it?

Verna: Great! You are a born orator.

Happy (dolefully): Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "What might have been."

(Whistles and walks about proudly.)

I should love to be a preacher and hold thousands spellbound—for hours—or put them to sleep. (laughs.)

One of the dearest men, a pillar in the church, goes to sleep every Sunday at Trinity. You should see him wake up with a start and look around to see if anyone noticed if he were sleeping.

Well, I must go and take off my ministerial garb and help you pack. It is a wonderful feeling to imagine for a few brief moments that you are a preacher! "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'What might have been'." (Starts to leave room.)

Verna: Good-night, Happy; I'll be gone when you get back. It is time to put the twins to bed.

Hap. (kisses her): Good-night, dear.

(Exit Happy.)

Verna (embracing Helen): Kiss me, precious—it will be so lonely when you are gone. But this is not the last kiss, for I shall see you a minute in the morning. Mrs. Wells said if the twins were not cross I could run over for five minutes. Oh, those twins! I must go. One more kiss, dearie.

(Exit Verna.)

(Happy returns and begins packing.)

Helen: Please do not do that; I can easily finish that in the morning. I am too tired tonight, and besides I want to talk to you—it will be our last chance.

Hap.: Let me put this away for you then I will come.

Helen: It breaks my heart to leave dear little Verna. When I think of how she works in that house caring for those cross heavy twins, I could cry my eyes out.

Hap.: So could I, Helen.

Helen: Dearie, the reason I am so happy about going is that I shall return well and strong; then we will study hard to fit ourselves for better positions so we can rent a little flat together and have Verna with us. Oh, Happy,

that is why I am going! My heart leaps and throbs at the thought of what we shall do when I return.

Happy: I could get a better position now if it were not for those old fractions. I think any woman who wants one and two-thirds yards of silk at one dollar and sixty-nine cents a yard should be electrocu—ostracized, or—or—oslerized. Such freaks as that keep me out of a better job.

Helen: We will keep on studying. The opportunity for something better will surely come; it is our part to be ready when it comes.

Happy: I don't suppose I shall ever win the Nobel prize for literature, but I certainly do love to talk and write.

Helen: You may. Who knows? I believe there are wonderful possibilities in each one of us. (Long pause.)

Happy: You are an angel to us both, Helen.

Helen: But I want to take Verna from that terrible environment. Come, dear, you should not stay another minute. You have to go to work so early that you should be in bed this minute. Come on. I'll walk to the corner with you for a breath of air.

(Happy marches about with hat and umbrella as she sings, "You're going to the mountains, yes, you are, &c." Toward the end of song she tosses aside Helen's clothes and dons her own hat as she swings Helen gayly off the stage with last words.)

(They exit.)

SCENE II

Same as before, Next morning.

(Helen, singing, putting on hat before mirror.

(Enter Mrs. Smith.)

Mrs. Smith (yawning): Nearly ready?

Helen: Almost. Isn't this the most glorious morning you ever saw?

Mrs. S.: I guess so; but I'm too sleepy to see. My soul, but you look pert.

Helen (proudly): Do I really look well dressed? Do I look like a real tourist?

Mrs. S.: Well, I reckon you do. What did I come in here for anyway?

Helen: To see if I were ready?

Mrs. S.: No, something more than that. Oh, yes, to tell you that I saw Romeo and Juliet last night. It's an awful play—didn't end good.

Helen: I have never seen the play, but I have studied it. It is a truly great play.

Mrs. S.: Well I don't think so. I don't care for Shakespeare no how. Someone gave me a comp. so I went; but all I could think about while I was there was that if you did not get a rest soon you would be where Juliet was.

Helen: Where Juliet was?

Mrs. Smith: Yes, where Juliet was—in the TOMB. My, but you do look sick!

Helen: But I am not so sick, and, besides, Juliet was neither sick nor dead—at first.

Mrs. Smith: Dead at last—so what's the difference?

Helen: Cheer up, Mrs. Smith; you cannot make me gloomy. I am going to have a wonderful trip, and a good rest, and be stronger than I've even been in my life.

Mrs. Smith: It is good that you can be so cheerful when you really are sick. Some folks don't know enough to worry. Let me see, did I leave anything on the stove to burn? Yes, I did—some water. If it's not burned I'll bring you some; if it is, I'll bring you some anyway, because somebody has to help eat it up. Yes, I smell it.

(Exit.)

(Helen still singing and preparing for journey. Mrs. Smith shows in woman.)

Helen (to woman): Good morning?

Woman (taking out advertisement): Are you the person who put in this advertisement?

Helen (joyously): Yes, that is mine. Do you want a companion to the mountains?

Woman (eagerly): Yes; when can you go?

Helen (sitting near her): Isn't it splendid that you should get here before I left? Nearly missed each other. What if we had?

(Woman stares vacantly at Helen.)

We have time to talk it over a little if you are ready to. You see I am quite worn out and the doctor says I must have complete rest and a change for at least a month; so I am going where I have longed to go all my life—to the mountains! Everybody says that Manitou—that's where I am going—is wonderful!

....Woman (eagerly): Yes, everything is wonderful in the mountains—that's why I want to go, too. I can see the great rugged peak now beneath whose shade my sister and I used to play; I can hear the little brook trickling down over the rocks in the canyon where we built houses for our dolls; I can smell the pines and feel the soft wind on my cheeks (passionately), I see, I hear, I feel it all, girl! Could I but see it all again the pain in my head would leave me—the longing that has broken my heart would cease. The cloud—the cloud—it seems that a cloud is over my mind and shuts out my memory. (gropingly.) I cannot remember anything—I only know that I must go to my mountain home. Something whispers to me that there I shall find rest—rest—and—and—the pain will go. (holds head.) (rising.) When can we go? Let us go now while the pain is not so bad.

Helen (puzzled and solicitous: Have you been ill? Where are your friends or family?

Woman (slowly): No, not ill; but my head—my head—pain. (holds head.)

Helen: Where are your friends? Where have you been living?

Woman (hopelessly): No friends.

Helen: Why have you not gone before?

Woman: No money!

Helen: No money! But you do not understand: I advertised that I might be companion to someone—to take care of on the journey—that my expenses might be paid, then I could have that money for something else. Do you understand?

Woman (piteously): You have not money for me, too—I must stay?

Helen (desperately): Please try to think of your friends here—where you live—your name. Please try to think.

Woman: I can't think—that's the trouble. Last night the cloud seemed to be lifted for awhile. I saw this advertisement—it gave me life and memory—I found you! I only know that my home and mountains will restore me. (imploringly.) If I could go now—now, my health, my memory would come back to me. I know it—I feel it.

Take me with you, girl, take me with you. (passionately.)

Helen: I cannot take you with me. I have not enough money for both. Think; have you no money anywhere?

Think; you must have some where you are living? Where have you been living?

Woman: I've not been living—I've been searching

Helen: Searching for what?

Woman (shaking head): I do not remember. Take me with you, girl; take me with you, girl. Then I'll remember—take me home to my mountains.

Helen: I cannot take you—but—but—I could send you. What should you do when you get there if you could not remember? Where is your home?

(Woman points to red mark on time table.)

Helen: That is much farther than I was going.

Woman: Somebody would remember me and help me—(hesitatingly) yes, help me to remember. Send me, girl—send me. (pleadingly.)

Helen (deflectively): How can you go now—you have no baggage—nothing to use on the long journey?

Woman: I need nothing but home and my mountains. Send me, girl; send me! (very dramatic.)

Helen: Listen, please. Try hard to understand. I will send you. The train that I was going to take leaves in one-half hour—it is a through train to where you are going. I will put you on it and pray that God will lead someone to find you and help you to remember.

Woman: YOU are going to send me now?

Helen: Yes, I am going to send you. Sit down a moment, please; you will need a few things for the journey.

(Gives her the small traveling bag.)

Come now; we shall have to hurry.

Woman (dazed): I'm going—I'm going. Then I'll remember—I'll remember.

Helen: Yes; the station is not far, but we must hurry.

(Enter Mrs. Smith.)

Mrs. Smith: Going out with her and it's nearly train time! (looking about.) Helen and Woman Exit

What has happened? Half unpacked—left half the stuff behind. Well, I'll help a bit here or she'll miss that train as sure as Sampson lost his hair or that a Democratic President was elected to a second term of office.

I'll sub-rent this room while she's gone. She'll never

know it. Let's see, what did I come in here for anyway? Did I leave anything on the stove to burn? Well, if I did it will just have to burn, for I'm certainly needed here. Let me see what was I thinking about **before** I thought of something on the stove that might burn? Oh, yes; sub-renting this room. I know of a man right this minute that I'll call up about it, middle-aged man with iron-grey hair, a youthful face and such fetching ways. No doubt he would appreciate a home like this for awhile where bright and congenial company would make up for the lack of many modern conveniences.

I should like to keep romance alive and flourishing in my heart. He may become steady, too, for I don't believe Miss Emerson will ever get well. (sniffing.) I do believe I smell something burning.

I guess it is that—

(Helen enters.)

Mrs. S.: What's happened? You've missed your train?

Helen: I am not going away.

Mrs. S.: Not going away? (amazed.)

Helen: I have changed my mind.

Mrs. S.: You've changed your mind? (incredulous.)

Helen: PLEASE leave me—I wish to be alone.

(Mrs. Smith goes out muttering.)

(Helen removes hat and gloves listlessly. Begins to unpack.)

Helen: (imploringly): Show me the way, Father! Show me the way! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

(Continues unpacking.)

(Enter Mrs. Smith with Mr. Bard.)

Mrs. S.: Here's a man to see you, Miss Emerson.

Helen (surprised): Good morning, Mr. Bard.

Mr. Bard: Good morning, Miss Emerson. I know that you are surprised to see me, but I was in the office a few minutes ago when you called over the 'phone and said that you would report for work in the morning. I—I—wondered if some misfortune had overtaken you. I—I—thought that perhaps I might be of some assistance to you, knowing how much you needed a change and a rest.

Helen: I—I—no, thank you.

Bard: May I inquire why you changed your mind?

Helen: I met someone who needed the money more than I needed the vacation.

Bard: You mean to tell me that you gave away the money that you have been saving for your vacation?

Helen: Just passed it on.

Bard: To save a friend?

Helen: A woman came here this morning just as I was leaving. She had in her hand an advertisement of mine. Her mind and health were evidently much impaired by some great trouble, and despite her clouded mental condition, She convinced me that her need was greater than mine. I put her on the train and sent her to her home.

Bard: Will she return the money?

Helen: I don't think—

Bard: Didn't you take her name and address, or give her yours?

Helen: No; I didn't think of that—we had to hurry so.

Bard: Great business, I must say. Nothing in a deal like that.

Helen: Oh, yes, there is. There is great compensation as I think of the look of joy that dispelled the look of longing and despair on her face. I thank God that He gave me a heart to feel her longing. (pause.)

Bard: What are you going to do now?

Helen: Go back to work in the morning.

Bard (drawing nearer): Miss Emerson, I have noticed your failing health for some time, and I insist that you take an indefinite rest. You must not report for work in the morning—it would be a crime.

Helen: "Take an indefinite rest!" What do you mean? Where in the world could I get the money for an indefinite rest?

Bard: I will give you a few months' off with pay—pay in advance at an increase of salary. I will advance you now enough for your first expenses. You can take the evening train and no one need know anything of your changed plans—this little arrangement is just between us.

Helen (thoughtfully): Thank you; you are very kind, but it is impossible. I could never pay you back. It has

taken me two years to save enough, barely enough, for a month's rest.

I have gone without lunches and sometimes breakfast and walked home, and sewed evenings, and—and—gone without so many things that I really needed. So you see I could never pay you back.

Bard: I do not expect you to return it. I shall be very glad to do this small favor for you. I have been thinking for some time of raising your wages—we will consider this a bonus for faithful services.

Helen (eagerly): If you are going to give me more wages, I shall soon be able to save a little. Even a dollar a week would be wonderful! You have no idea, Mr. Bard, how much a dollar a week would mean to a working girl. It would mean—it would mean—it would mean so much! (More eagerly, approaching him.) Then you will increase Happy's wages, too, won't you? Then we can do something that we want to do so much.

Bard: What is that you wish to do?

Helen: We want to take a little flat so that we can have Verna with us and send her to school. Then I should be perfectly happy.

Bard: Your expenses would be much greater, and—

Helen: We have figured it all out carefully: if each of us had a dollar a week more we could do it and we would be so much happier and have much more to eat, too—hot things. One does grow very tired of cold lunches. (joyfully.) I have always believed there would be a way; so if you are going to increase our wages, I am sure that I can get along without a vacation. I would much rather have two or three little rooms that we could call home and have Verna with us.

Thank you, Mr. Bard; you have made me so glad!

Bard: I didn't say that I would do anything for Happy—in fact, I am not interested in Happy. I will increase yours only on the condition that you go away for a long rest. I will pay the expenses.

Helen (surprised and perplexed): Why should you do this for me?

Bard: Because I'm interested in you. (drawing nearer) Miss Emerson, you are a most attractive girl. You certainly have not failed to notice my admiration for you. Any unusual favors shown you at the store have been at my command, although you have always repulsed me. I am your friend and want to help you. Do as I ask you to do, then when the roses have returned to your

cheeks and the luster to your eyes you will be the most beautiful girl I know. You don't know how much I want to help you. Rest and health and beautiful clothes would make a wonder of you, girl!

Helen: "Beautiful clothes!"

Bard: Yes; you shall have beautiful clothes and books and flowers and music and everything that an exquisite creature like you should have. Take this needed rest for a few months. Then I will send you to the country home of my cousin where you may live in luxurious ease as long as you like. She would enjoy a rare companion like you.

I could see you often; we could read together, walk and ride—be such good chums.

No more cheap boarding houses, cold meals, plain clothes, low funds. You would be LIVING!

If you will do this, I will give your friend a much better position and send your Verna to school.

Helen (surprised and dazed): This picture dazzles me! But I could never pay you back—never pay for all of this. I cannot do as you wish but if you are so anxious and willing to do so much for me, won't you please do just a little for Happy? She sews from morning till night for six dollars a week. She never has but one meal a day—what **you** would call a meal. She washes and irons and mends at night when she is so tired that she cannot see. She's so brave—she whistles and smiles all the time. I know it is to hide her hopelessness and to help me. She is so splendid!

"It's easy enough to be pleasant when life goes along like a song; but the man that's worth while is the man that can smile when everything goes dead wrong." That's Happy!

Couldn't you help her in some way? I know there will be a way for me.

(Pleadingly.) She is well and strong now, but after a while the long, hard strain of work and the lack of sufficient good food will begin to sap her strength just as it has mine.

Then will follow weary nights when she cannot sleep because she is so tired. Then the long wearier days when she'll almost faint at her task. Then when her hands refuse to perform their required amount of work—there is no place for her!

(imploringly.) Oh, Mr. Bard, please save Happy from this! Increase her wages—that would mean more food,

less strain. Even a dollar a week more would mean so much!

Bard: You plead well for your friends. I will do anything for them you ask if you will do as I wish.

Put on your hat—my car is outside. We will take a little spin, then have lunch. Then I'll put you on the train and send you to find health and happiness. Here is the money—take happiness, girl—it is yours.

Come, I want you; I have set my heart upon doing this thing for you. (approaches her—she repulses him.)

I'll do everything and anything you ask and more for your friends if you will accept my assistance—if not, I'll no NOTHING.

Helen: Honest love does not express itself as you have done. Go, tempter, GO, and take your money with you!

Bard: Listen to me, girl: you are ill! Go to work again, and in a short time you will be in the hospital—the COUNTY hospital, your friends unable to help you! What will you do then?

Helen: I'll die if need be; but with my soul unsullied and my faith unshaken in HIM who said, "Fear not, I will never forsake thee."

Bard (laughs): You'll come to me yet.

(Exit Bard.)

SCENE III.

Scene—Same as before. Six months later.

(Helen ill—sewing.)

[Laundress enters.]

Amanda: Howdy, Honey, how is yo' all today?

Helen: Better, thank you, Amanda.

Amanda: I do declare to goodness, I done do believe yo' all do look a lettle better. I'se mighty sorry, Honey, but I can't do yo' all wash no more, fo yo' clothes am a getting dat tin dat ris here nigger am a feared to touch em fear I'll busticate em. (holds up garment.)

Look-a hear, Honey, dis am darned and darned till I'm scared to look at it. Beside, I got to get something to do what 'll take my mine off'n my domestical difficults!

Helen: Are you having trouble at home, Amanda?

Amanda: Law yes, chile. It's nothing but money,

money, money! Last Monday my ole man done ax me fo a quata; Tuesday he axed me fo fifty cents; Thursday fo ONE DOLLAR, and Friday fo TWO DOLLARS!

Helen: What does he do with it?

A. (hesitates): I dunno; I done nebber give him none yit.

Helen: Won't he work at anything?

A.: Nothin, cept fittin. Law me, chile, he done cum home the odder day wid his lip cut, one eye out, and his nose a bleedin. He was a sight! He sed that when dat odder colored gentleman done got fro wid im, a breakin im all to peces, he jist trowed im on de flo an tromped all over im. He lowed he nebber was so sick of a nigger befo in all ob his life.

Helen: Too bad, Amanda.

A.: Yassum. Husbands is awful troublesome critters, nohow. I jist tole dat ole colored gentleman ob mine dat befo I maryied im I knowed a fool nigger dat wuz sho crazy bout me. He lowed he wisht I'd a maryied im. (laughs.) I done tole im I DID.

Wall, mus be gwine along. I sho am sorry you' all am so pooly, Honey.

Amanda: Yassum, it am awful. But I reckon I'll hab it till de trumpit sounds, becayse laziness and CUSSID-NUSS ain't nebber killed no nigger yit. Goodbye, Honey.
(Exit.)

(Whistling is heard. Happy enters.)

Happy: How have you been today, dear? (kisses her.)

Helen: Better, I think. (holds up little dress.) Isn't this pretty. I didn't think I could get such a sweet little dress out of that old one of mine. Won't Verna be pleased?

Happy: She will be delighted. (displays slippers and stockings.) Look what I brought her. I am going to take them to her after while.

Helen: Take the dress, too dear.

Happy: I met Mildred down town, and what do you think has happened?

Helen: Engaged?

Happy: Worse than that.

Helen: Not married?

Happy:...Married and to Jack Roe!

Helen: Jack Roe! Poor Mildred!

Happy: Yes, poor Mildred. Won't he make her step about lively? He is such a boss—lawyers always are. (displays fruit.)

Helen: Oh, Happy, you are always bringing me something nice to eat; but you should not—fruit is so expensive. It tastes so good that I cannot scold you this time.

I do hope Mildred will be happy. She is so kind and generous. Wasn't it splendid of her to give me this negligee? It is much easier to be sick in pretty things than in homely ones.

Happy: If I could look like you when I'm indisposed, I should feign illness frequently. (whistles.)

Helen: How long have they been married?

Happy: ..One month. Oh, I forgot to tell you that they are coming over tonight. I invited them. I thought you had rather have them come before you move upstairs into that dinky room, four by six.

Helen: Happy, do not speak with so much asperity—it is unworthy of my happy Happy.

Happy: I hate the thought of your going into it just the same.

Helen (listening): There they are now! Do I look all right.

Happy: Beautiful.

(Enter Roes.)

Happy: Come in, Mr. and Mrs. Roe. So glad to see you.

Mrs. Roe (rushing up to Helen): This is Jack dearie. My husband! Isn't he lovely?

Helen: I am so glad to meet you again Mr. Roe. You are to be congratulated upon winning such a bride.

Mr. Roe: Thank you I—

Mrs. Roe: We are so happy—so congenial—so considerate of each other (leads Mr. Roe to chair). You may read, dear, while we talk over old times. (to girls.) It is wonderful how you can train a man in a month if you begin right.

Helen: I suppose so.

Mrs. Roe: How are you, dearie?

Helen: Pretty well, thank you.

Mr. R.: What a prevarication! I heard that you had

not done a day's work for a month.

Helen (smiling): I'm taking a little vacation.

Mrs. R.: Yes, you look as if you were having an immense time!

Mr. R. (turning to girls): Well, you see, she is not—

Mrs. R. (motioning him to resume reading): Yes, I see dear. (to girls.) I do wish that you could meet someone like Jack and fall in love with him and marry him. We are so happy!

Mr. R. (eagerly): You know, dear, that there is—

Mrs. R.:—not another man in the world like you. But all tastes are not alike—

Mr. R. (smiling): If they were, every—

Mrs. R. every girl would want you.

Happy (laughing): Not I. I love tall men.

Mrs. R.: You never were appreciative. Although Jack is not much to look at, he is very intellectual—lawyers have to be. And he loves to impart information.

Helen: Isn't that splendid?

Mr. R.: You see, Miss Emerson, it—

Mrs. R.: Yes, she sees, dear; go on reading, darling, so you can tell me all the news when we get home. (to girls.) That makes him feel that he is imparting information. If there is one thing above another that delights the modern man, especially a lawyer, it is the satisfaction derived from the consciousness of having imparted information.

Helen: I suppose if every wife would only learn this fact early in her married life, many a home would be saved from shipwreck.

Happy: What do you know about it?

Helen: I've observed.

Mr. R.: I've an idea, dear—

Mrs. R.: Keep it. Go on reading, dear heart.

Helen: Tell me the secret of the perfect training of your husband, Mildred.

Mr. R.: Mildred is very—

Mrs. R.: Yes, I am. I will tell her about it, dear. Never for a moment let your husband suspect that you are training him—that would be fatal. Let him think he is IT—listen to his information—defer to him seemingly;

but tightly, tho' lovingly and with smiles hold the reins of control in your delicate fingers.

Mr. R.: I think, dear—

Mrs. R.: Don't do it, dear—thinking is too wearing—save your strength for reading. You see, girls, that I anticipated his every wish.

Happy: Yes; I notice—and his words, too.

Mr. R.: I see by this paper that that man—

Mrs. R.: No you do not, precious, for it is upside down. He is so crazy about me that there is still a mist of happiness over his eyes. He is so wonderful! (Caresses him and turns his paper right. He rubs his face and frowns.) Does that hurt again, precious?

Mr. R.: Yes. My mother always taught me to—
(Continues to caress him.)

Mrs. R.: Hold your face, darling, and I will tell her Jack's mother taught him to count 100 before he began to fight; but the other man's mother told him to count ten, so while—

Mr. R.:—So while I was still counting—

Mrs. R.:—the other man handed him one—

Mr. R.:—right here.

Mrs. R.: The next time, dear, count less and act quicker.

Mr. R.: You see, Miss Emerson, I—

Mrs. R.: No she can't see; you've worn her out with so much talking.

Mr. R. (desperately): I was a stranger and—

Mrs. R.:—and of course somebody took him in just because he is small. But he is tremendous when he pleads a case! The darling!

Mr. R.: It made me—

Mrs. R.:—sore. Of course it did! Go on reading, dear; and don't fidget so while wifey is talking.

Happy: Isn't it cruel to compel hubby to sit perfectly still for such a long time?

Mrs. R. (disdainfully): Talk is cheap.

Happy (laughing): Except when you talk on the long distance 'phone. Please may I ask Mr. Roe a question?

Mrs. R.: Certainly; Jack loves to impart information.

Happy: If it be true that we are made of dust, why do we not get muddy when we drink? (whistles.)

Mr. R. (perplexedly): I'm a lawyer not a—Mrs. R.

Mrs. R.:—not a thinker. Don't worry or think—go on reading, darling. It was Jack's birthday yesterday.

Helen: What did you give him?

Mrs. R.: A beautiful dinner that I cooked myself.

Helen: What else did you get Mr. Roe?
(Rubs his stomach.)

Mr. R. (dolefully): I got sick. (examines cuff closely.)

Mrs. R. What are you doing there, dear?

Mrs. R.: Trying to read what's on this—

Mrs. R.: Heavens! I have the plot of a great novel on that. Don't even look at it. Come, dear, we must go. (to Helen.) Poor little dear, he's worn you quite out with so much talk. But I must indulge him occasionally—he does so love to impart information.

He's not so much to look at, but he is truly wonderful in conversation—lawyers always are.

Helen: Sorry you have to go so soon. Do you know of a cheap room I could get near here? I could get along without heat if the room were on the sunny side of the house.

Mr. R.: I know of one in the—

Mrs. R.: No you don't, angel face. That wouldn't do at all. I'll think about it Helen, and drop in again soon.

Helen: I'm enjoying my negligee so much.

Mr. R.: It fits you so—

Mrs. R.: It does not fit—it should not fit.

Mr. R.: I've been thinking—

Mrs. R.: Please don't, dear—it will ruin you—it is unprofessional. Good-night, Helen. I do hope you will soon be well so you can visit us in our own darling, cosy apartments. We are so happy. Do come to see us soon. Ta ta, girls. We are going to have fudge for breakfast

Helen and Happy: Come again soon.

(Exeunt the Roes.)

Happy (whistles): I can see the sun of his happiness slowly setting. "Poor Mildred!"—this time we misplaced

our sympathy; it should have been "Poor Jack!" (Caresses Helen.) So tired, dearie? Lie back and rest awhile for somebody is coming to sing for you.

Helen: Dorothy?

Happy: Yes, Dorothy and John are going to stop on their way to an entertainment. I told them that you were starving for some music. I'll tidy up a little before they come. Rest, so you can enjoy them. (Silence for a while.) There they are now.

(Enter John and Dorothy.)

Helen: So glad to see you both. Bring your chairs close to me. How fine you are looking!

Dorothy: Can't stay but a minute, dearie—got such a late start.

Helen: But you are going to sing for me? I am starving for music. Please sing the Rosary.

Dorothy: That is so solemn!

Helen: It is so beautiful, and is just what I want to-night.

Happy: She is going to move upstairs tomorrow into a room no one else would have, so she wants to kiss the cross.

Helen (reprovingly): Happy.

Helen: Stand over there, dear, and remove your cloak and act as if you were singing before thousands. (girl sings—optional.)

Helen (applauding): Beautiful, beautiful! Won't you sing another?

Dorothy: Have we time, John? (John looks at watch.)

John: No; we shall have to hurry now to get there on time.

Dorothy: Too bad, dearie; but we'll come back soon and spend the evening.

Helen: I shall live in expectation. Thank you both so much. Don't forget that you are coming back soon. Good-night.

(Exeunt friends.)

Helen: Come here, dear; you are sad tonight. What has dispelled your wonted brightness?

Happy: I am rebellious—right down rebellious. The sight of those girls has made me so. Look at them—not

half as good as you—well and strong and enjoying life to the full, and here you are, the sweetest, dearest, kindest girl in the world, sick and penniless and no one to help.

Why should you be worn out physically and well nigh mentally before your time? Why should you be tortured in mind and soul because of the necessity of getting together enough to pay room rent?

Why should you by dint of struggle eke out a bare existence with self denial as an ever present monitor? Why, Helen, why must these things be?

Sometimes it looks as if truth were on the scaffold and wrong were on the throne.

Helen: I don't know, dear—I do not see my way, but I know my guide. And "I'd rather walk with Him in the dark, than walk alone in the light." "He is nearer than breathing and closer than hands and feet." Happy, learn to trust. There will be a way. Put on the Lord Jesus.

Happy: "Put on the Lord Jesus?" (pause.)

Helen: Do you remember the morning we watched the sunrise together?

Happy: The morning you were so ill?

Helen: Yes. Do you remember how grey and dark the sky was when we first looked out? Then how the yellow and the pink began to come; how the yellow melted into gold and the pink into crimson?

The glory reached and widened and grew as a blossoming tree, richer and richer, higher and higher, brighter and brighter it grew until the golden sun saluted the morn, and the dark night retired before his conquering rays.

So the Christ comes to our life—fills it as the light fills the earth. Just a little changing from the old to the new. A little tenderness budding into kindness; a little compassion prompting one to sacrifice; a little love growing into faith; a little faith that puts on the Lord Jesus.

Oh, Happy, learn to trust. Do not be discouraged—there will be a way.

Happy: You think I'm not trusting, dear; but I am. I went to God the other day and put up the whole situation to Him. I went to Him as man to man and asked for a square deal.

I said, "Lord, thou hast told us to ask" and "seek" and "abide" that we might have our desires. Now, here is Helen who has asked and sought and abided; who has divided her food, her money, her time and strength with other people; who has cast her bread upon the waters;

now she is in need, verify thy promises unto her. Help her! And I believe He will, Helen. On the surface I may be rebellious, but way down underneath I'm trusting. He will give us a square deal. (a long silence.)

Happy: Shall we read our promises?

Helen: Yes, please.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters."

"Fear not I am thy God; I will not forsake thee."

"He shall give his angels charge over thee."

Helen: Wonderful promises! How can we doubt them? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord loveth them that fear Him."

(A lady and gentleman enter with Mrs. Smith.)

Mrs. S.: Miss Emerson, here's some folks what wants to see you. I told them that you were sick, but they just would come anyway.

(Exit Smith.)

Miss Davis (approaching Helen): Brother it is she—it is she! We've found you—we've found you!

(Helen attempts to rise in her surprise.)

Mr. Davis: Pray be seated—you are ill, and we have so much to explain.

Helen (eagerly to Miss Davis): Did you get home all right? Did someone meet you who knew you? I know it must be so, because you are well.

Miss Davis: Yes, I am well—restored in body and mind through your generosity and, I fear, sacrifice. . . . I thought and thought of that day, and all that I could remember was that your eyes seemed to pierce my very soul: they seemed like a great searchlight flooding my innermost being, seeking to know the truth—to uncover the hidden springs of my life and motives.

Then they suddenly became soft and tender and sad as you put your arm about me and said in a voice strangely full of tears and pain, "You shall go today to your mountain and your home." I remembered nothing more for weeks.

Dr. Davis: Let me finish the story, Edith, for Miss Emerson has a right to know it all. I will try to make it short.

About a year ago I went to Europe on business rela-

tive to my hospital work in New York. I was detained there month after month.

I left our sister in our home with a trusty old housekeeper and a companion. The companion was called away to the bedside of her mother and the housekeeper grew ill and was taken to her daughter's.

Just about this time my sister heard that our sister Emily who had married ten years before to one unworthy, and who after her marriage had dropped out of our lives so completely that we could not but think her dead, had died a year after her marriage and had left a little child.

Although we had felt for years that she was dead, yet when the certainty came and with it the knowledge of a child somewhere, it preyed upon my sister's mind until her reason became clouded.

Because of war conditions, my mail was very irregular, and I knew nothing of this until my return.

Overcome by grief and longing for this little child, she came to Kansas City for it was here that she was led to believe the child was living. She searched day and night, hopelessly, for she had no clue.

Then her money gave out—this is mostly conjecture, for she remembers but little of that time.

At times her mind must have been clear, and in one of those moments saw your advertisement—you know the rest.

We have searched for you ever since my return. We have given up all hope of finding the child—in fact, I have reason to believe that the story of the child is without foundation.

I came here twice to find you—to repay in part at least the great debt we owe you.

Last week I returned home about to despair of ever finding you when Edith met me at the door and exclaimed as she held a little book before my eyes, "I've found her!"

"Found whom?" I inquired.

Edith (exultantly): The girl that gave up her vacation for me—it all came back to me then—I saw it all! LOOK! Isn't this yours—this book of promises?

Helen (taking book lovingly): Yes; I wondered what had become of it. Where did you get it?

Edith: In a slit in the travelling bag you gave me the day you sent me home. I found it three days ago. We hastened to you.

Dr. Davis: Tell her how you happened to find the bag.

Edith: Because of a strange dream. I dreamed that I saw you with your arms about a little child, pointing her to a verse in that "Book of Promises": "He shall give his angels charge over thee." (Takes book and points to verse.)

Suddenly that picture faded, in fact, was completely obliterated by the sudden appearance of a worn satchel lying in our attic. All over this satchel was written in raised letters of gold: "He shall give his angels charge over thee."

The influence of the dream was so insistent that it sent me to our attic to look for the satchel and the BOOK. This is what I found!

(Enter Verna with milk.)

Verna (to guests who barely look at her): Please excuse me, Helen must have this milk right now. Mrs. Smith says she hasn't had a thing since morning.

Helen: Thank you, dear, but I am not hungry—I'll drink it after a while.

Dr. Davis (taking glass): I fear that I must use my professional authority and insist upon your drinking the milk. (she drinks.)

If I am not mistaken, we are not quite strangers to one another. I think that I set a broken arm for you about a year. Have you forgotten? I have not.

Helen (confused and pleased): I—I—was—not—SURE—but I thought—

Dr. Davis: Well, I was sure the moment I came in. I have not been able to quite forget the pathetic little way you looked at me as you inquired: "Doctor, how long will it be until I can work again?" (walks about.) Just couldn't forget it—and—often wondered how you were getting on. I left for Europe an hour after I attended you, so of course I could not know.

(During this conversation Happy is sewing at back of stage. Just as Verna enters with milk, Miss Davis without looking at child, approaches Happy and inquires about Helen's health. After the doctor takes the milk from Verna, she goes to a box and takes out a toy with which she plays. Miss Davis returns to front of stage. The child sits on couch with Happy as she plays. Suddenly both become interested in what the Doctor is saying to Helen. As Verna turns her eager face full to the front, Miss Davis watches her intently.)

Dr. (continues): Now I'll tell you what we are going to do: we are going to pack you up and take you home with us.

The Autumn is beautiful in California! You shall live in God's out-of-doors for one whole year—yes, ten if necessary.

You shall see the mountains—and climb them too, in six months. You shall ride and swim and walk and rest until you are tired of resting. Then we'll begin all over again.

How soon can you be ready to go?

Helen (amazed): I do not understand. You—mean—mean—for—for me to—

Edith (excitedly): Miss Emerson, whose child is that?

Helen (looking at Verna): She lives with the people next door. Her name is Verna Wells.

Verna (putting her arms about Helen): "Wells" isn't my real name, you know. I'm just 'dopted. I'm really somebody else.

Edith: Brother, of whom does that child remind you?

Dr. (walks about muttering): Striking resemblance.

Edith (reaching for child): What is your name, child, if "Wells" is not? What do you know of your mother?

Verna: She went to sleep. She said the angels would take care of me. I'm still waiting for them, but they are awful long, and I'm so tired of taking care of the twins.

Dr. (aside): Those angels haven't been on the job, I fear.

(to Helen.) Do you know anything of this child's parentage?

(Edith caresses child's hair and eyes and hands as she murmurs: "Emily's hair—Emily's eyes.")

Helen: Not a thing. But she always wears a little ring about her neck—would that tell you anything?

(Edith hastily discloses ring. Examines it closely.)

Edith (exultantly reads): "Emily." I knew it! Emily's own baby ring! (clasping child.) I knew it! This hair—this mouth—the eyes! My precious sister's baby—I've found you! I've found you! You are mine, MINE, MINE! (to Helen) Let me take her with me tonight.

Verna (loyally going quickly to Helen): I can't leave her—I'm all she has besides Happy!

Dr. (strongly and nobly): You shall not leave her—you loyal little child! You shall remain with her until morning, then we will all go away together where there is no work waiting for weary ones, nor heavy twins for tired little backs.

(Child close to Helen—others step back.)

Verna (whispers): Are we really going away with them in the morning?

Helen: It seems so, dear.

Verna: Where your mountains are?

Helen: Yes.

Verna: And you won't have to work when you're tired and sick? And you'll have plenty to eat, and you won't have to worry when your money is gone?

Helen: No, dear.

Verna: And you'll get well?

Helen: Yes.

Verna: Are you sure that they will keep me too?

Helen: Perfectly sure of that.

Verna: But what about Happy?

Helen: There will be a way for Happy.

Verna: I think the angels have come, don't you? Shall I tell God about them?

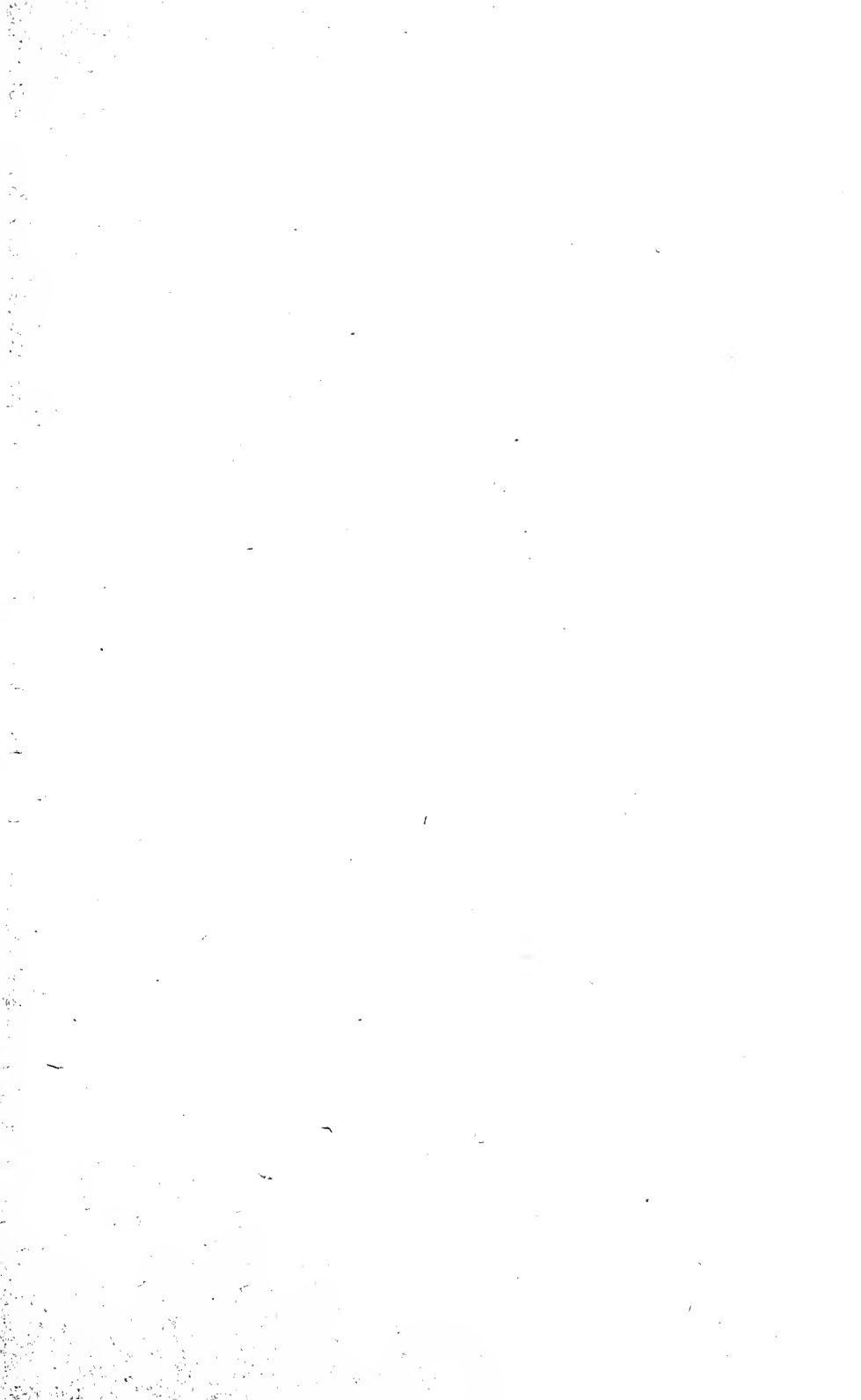
Helen: He knows, for He sent them.

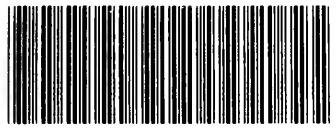
Verna: I should like to talk about them, anyway. (kneeling.) Dear God, we are so glad that you sent the angels—there are two of them and they got here just in time, for Helen was getting very sick and we had only twenty cents left. But that's enough, God, for we are going away in the morning to stay a year, and it may be TEN! So don't worry about that.

Now, dear God, if all your angels are not busy, WE KNOW you will send one to help Happy—SHE NEEDS ONE, TOO!

(As child prays others group about Happy, indicating that she will be cared for, too.)

(Curtain.)





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